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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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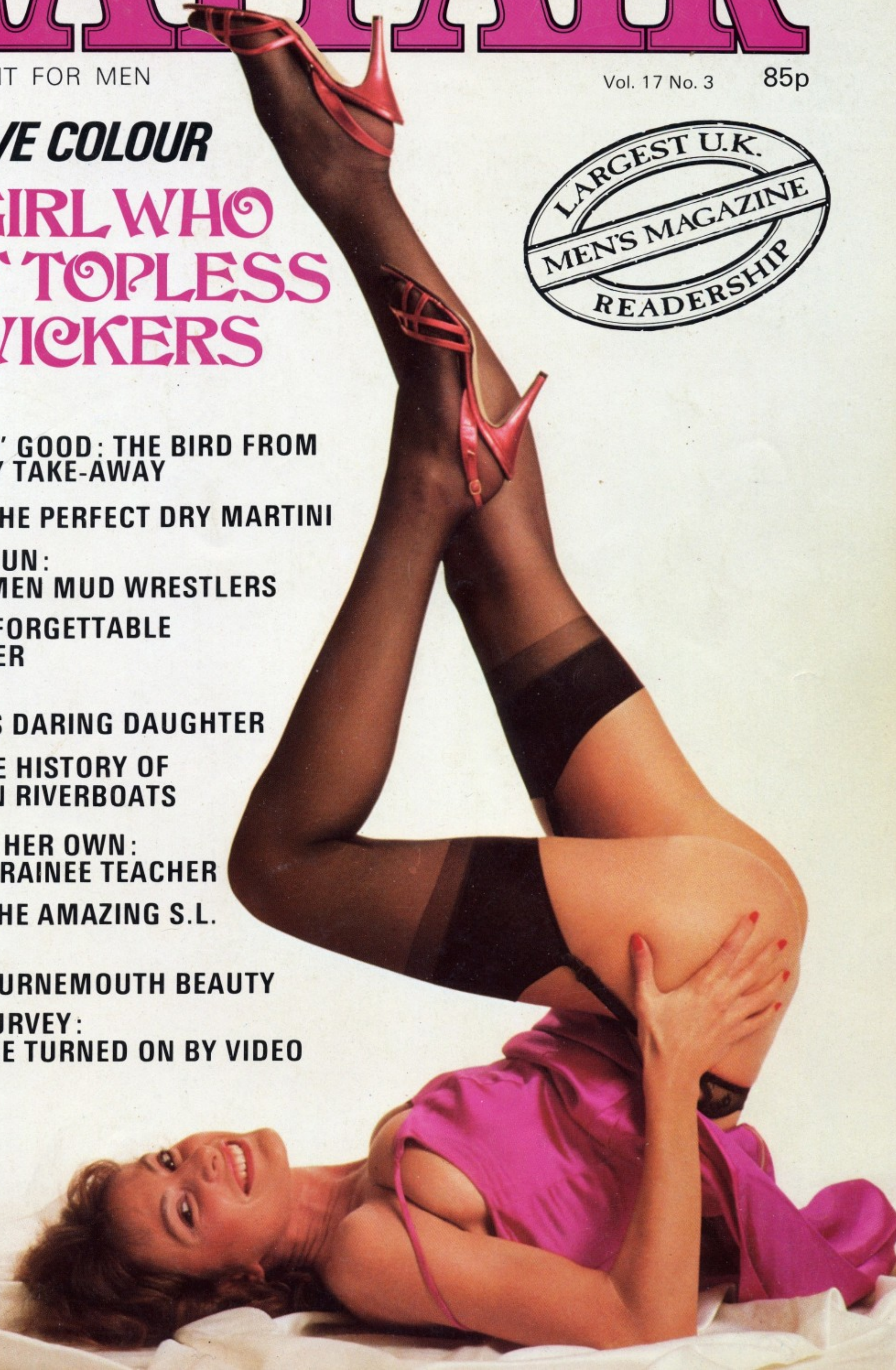

EXCLUSIVE COLOUR

THE GIRL WHO WENT TOPLESS AT TWICKERS

FINGER LICKIN' GOOD: THE BIRD FROM THE KENTUCKY TAKE-AWAY

HOW TO MIX THE PERFECT DRY MARTINI

GOOD CLEAN FUN:
THE REAL WOMEN MUD WRESTLERS

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE SCHOOLMASTER

A BOLD TYPE:
THE PRINTER'S DARING DAUGHTER

THE EXPLOSIVE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN RIVERBOATS

IN A CLASS OF HER OWN:
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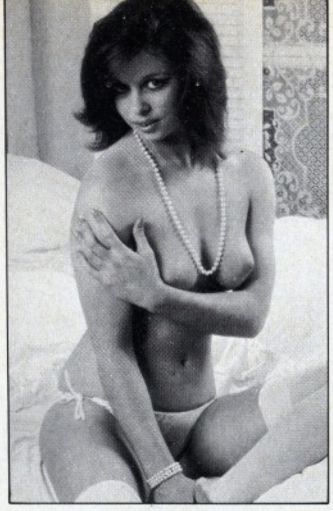

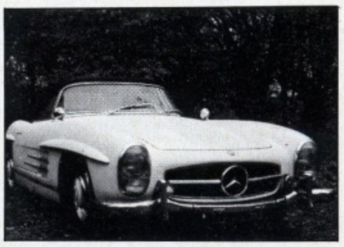

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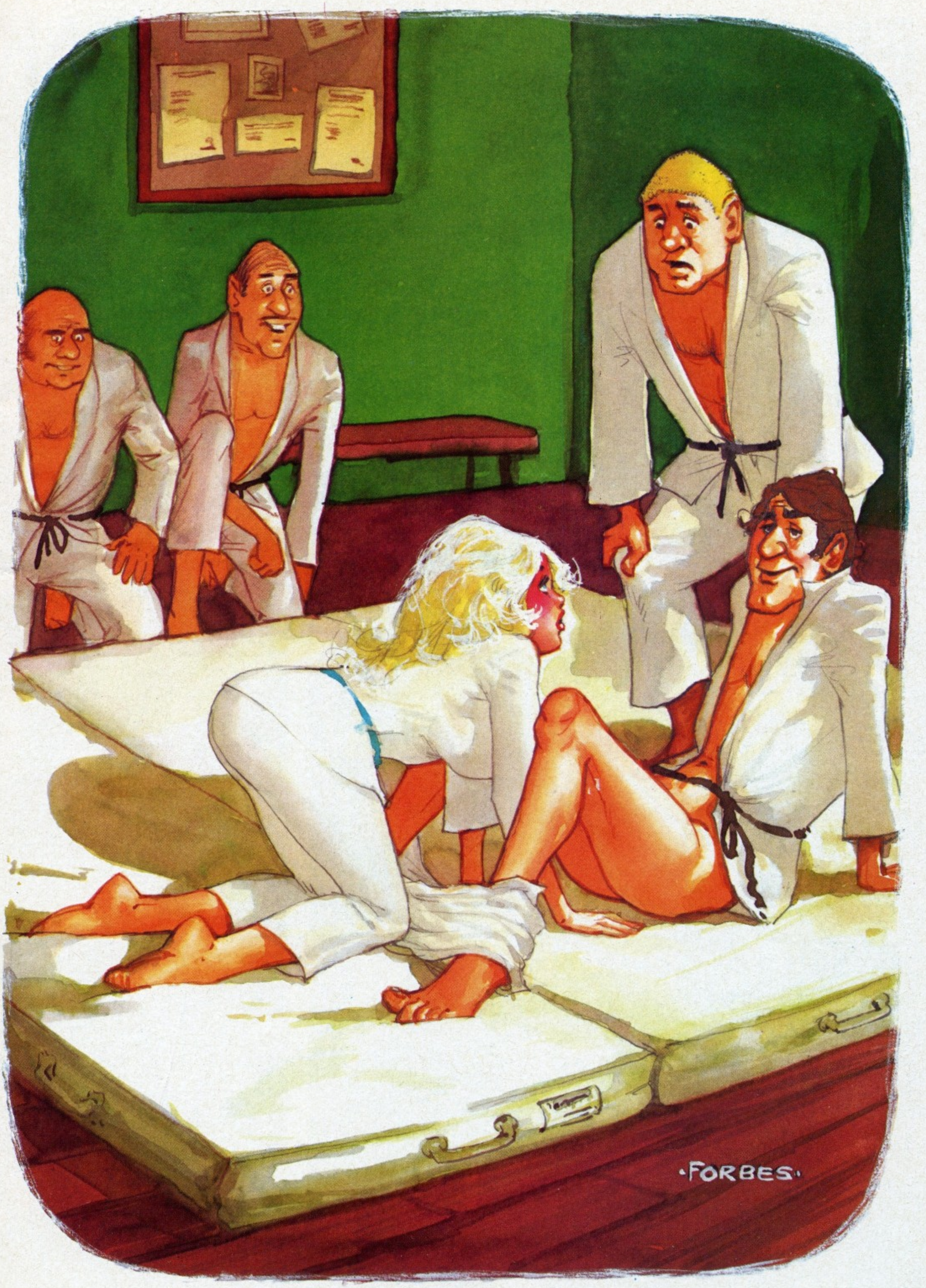
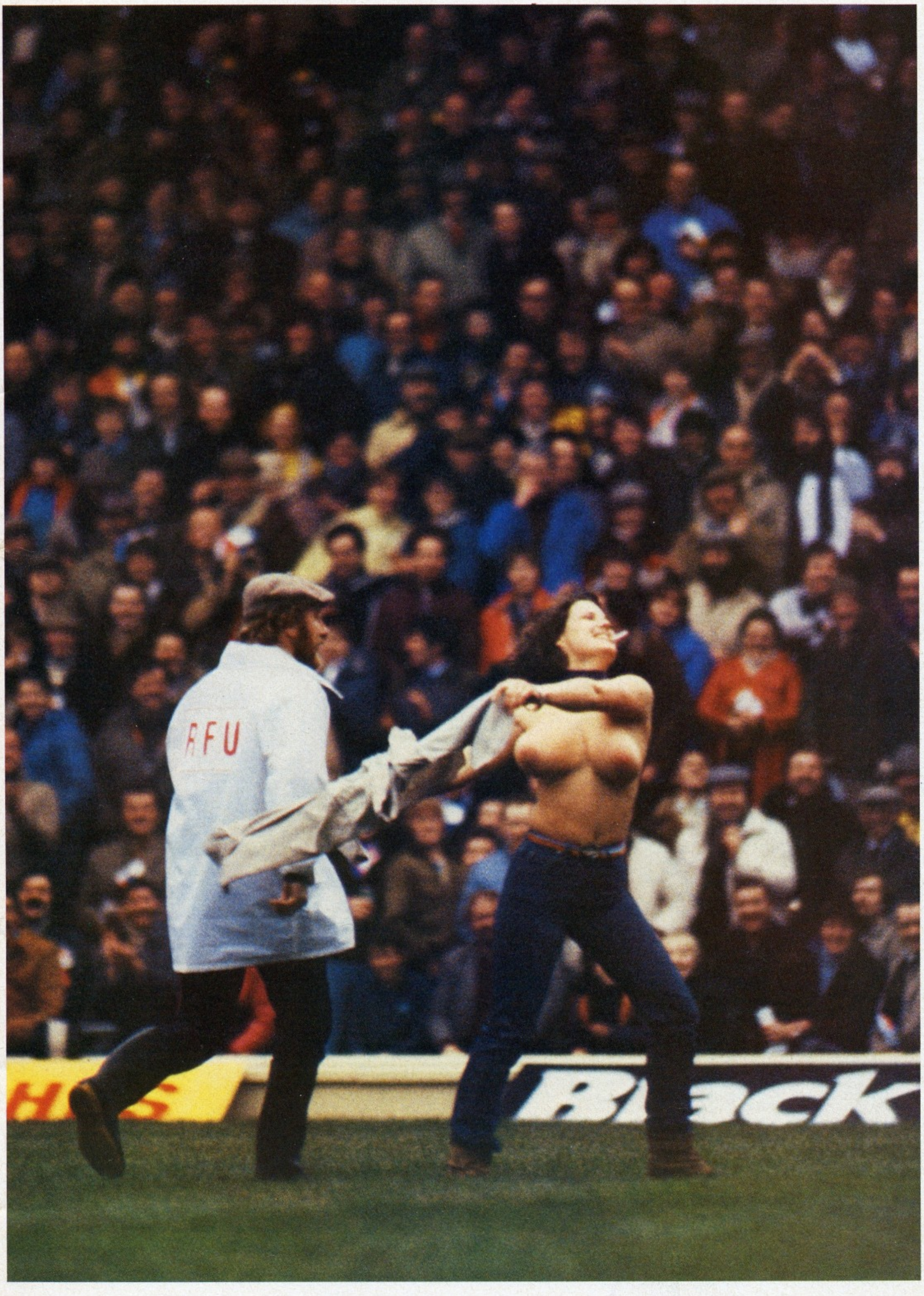


'Miss Jackson, when I said "deliver a paralysing blow" I meant . . .'

ERICA'S WINNING STREAK

THE GIRL WHO WENT TOPLESS AT TWICKERS

Full-breasted Erica Roe became an instant celebrity when she dashed onto the pitch at Twickenham and stripped off her top in front of 60,000 cheering rugby fans, and millions of TV viewers. Papers througout the country covered Erica's daring exploit at the England v. Australia international, but in keeping with our policy of bringing our readers the very best, and following countless requests we have managed to track down colour coverage of Erica's winning streak. Erica ran onto the pitch at half-time and peeled off her blouse, accompanied by a female friend who also went topless. The crowd roared its approval as they ran along the touch-line before being tackled by smiling policemen. And English superfan Ken Bailey used his Union Jack to drape the girls. Luckily for *Mayfair* readers,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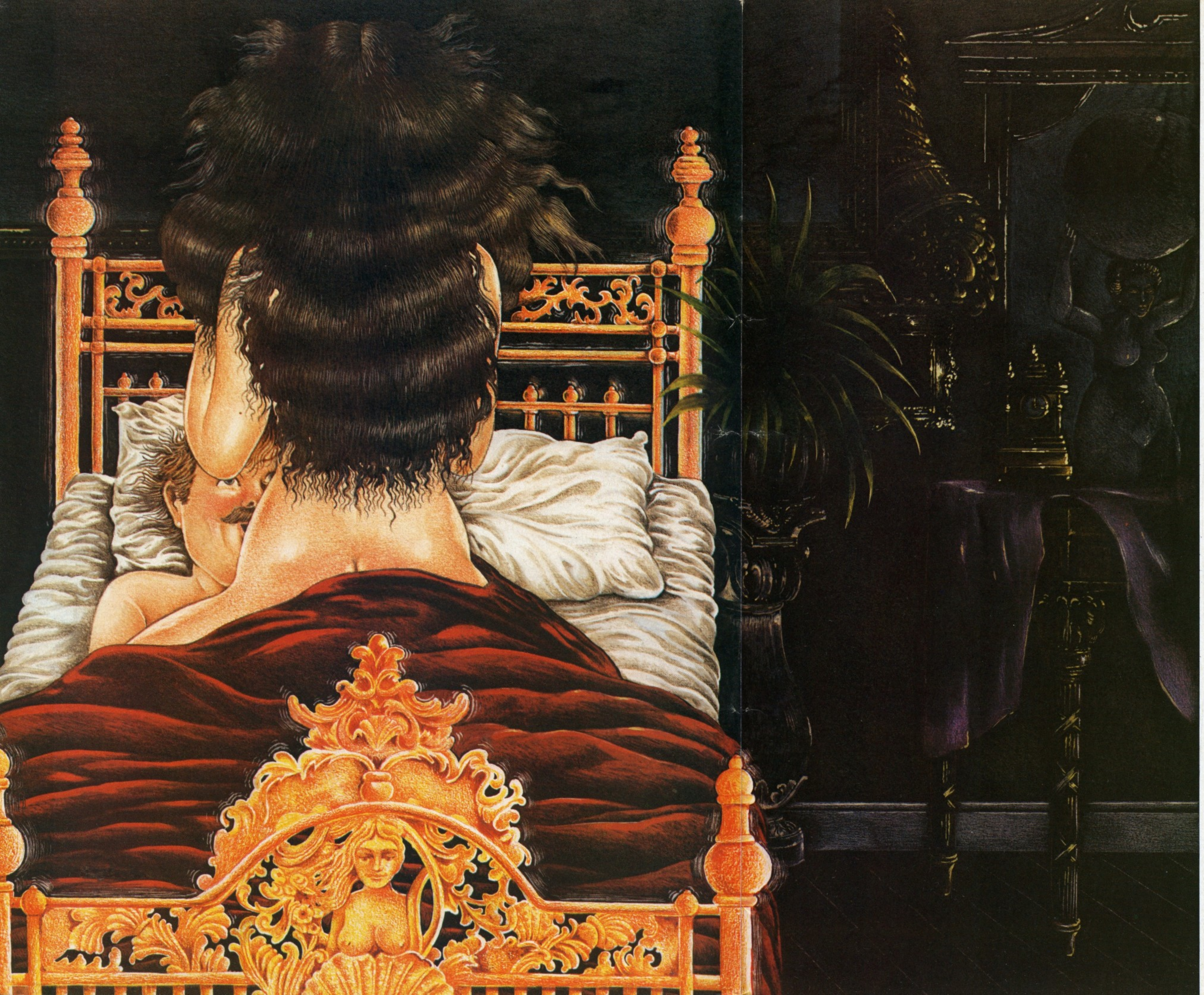


ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN CRACKNELL

RATTLE BANG

They had a passion for antiques, and celebrated every buy on the old bed, until their bedding turned into bidding…

Fiction by Morris Lurie

There were thirty women lying on the floor in Lois Axelrod's living room when the front door chimes sounded that fateful morning – thirty suburban women of all shapes and sizes and varying degrees of attractiveness, and all wearing – except for Honey McManus, who was in jeans and a T-shirt, and Helge Paterson, who today was in just bra and pants – black leotards.

Dee *doh!*

'Oh bother!' Lois Axelrod said, skipping annoyed to her feet. 'Don't move anyone!'

Don't move?

The thirty women on Lois Axelrod's floor were doing that exercise known as The Bicycle: hands tucked firmly into your hips, legs straight up into the air, then bend them slowly, rotate, clockwise first . . .

Lois Axelrod opened the front door a careful inch.

'Mrs Axelrod?'

'Yes?'

She blinked. She couldn't see. There was something flashing.

'I've brought your bed!'

Lois Axelrod opened the door a further inch, still blinking. What was that flashing?

'My bed?'

And then she saw it.

'Rappaport,' he said, smiling largely under his moustache. 'Joe.'

All gleaming knobs and sparkling stars and in the front a bare-breasted woman with hair streaming back riding in a chariot drawn by four golden lions.

Flashing in the sun.

'Oh,' Lois Axelrod said.

She frowned. She smiled. She blinked. She didn't know what was happening.

Lois Axelrod realized suddenly that she was standing outside in her leotard, which had a run in a most unfortunate place.

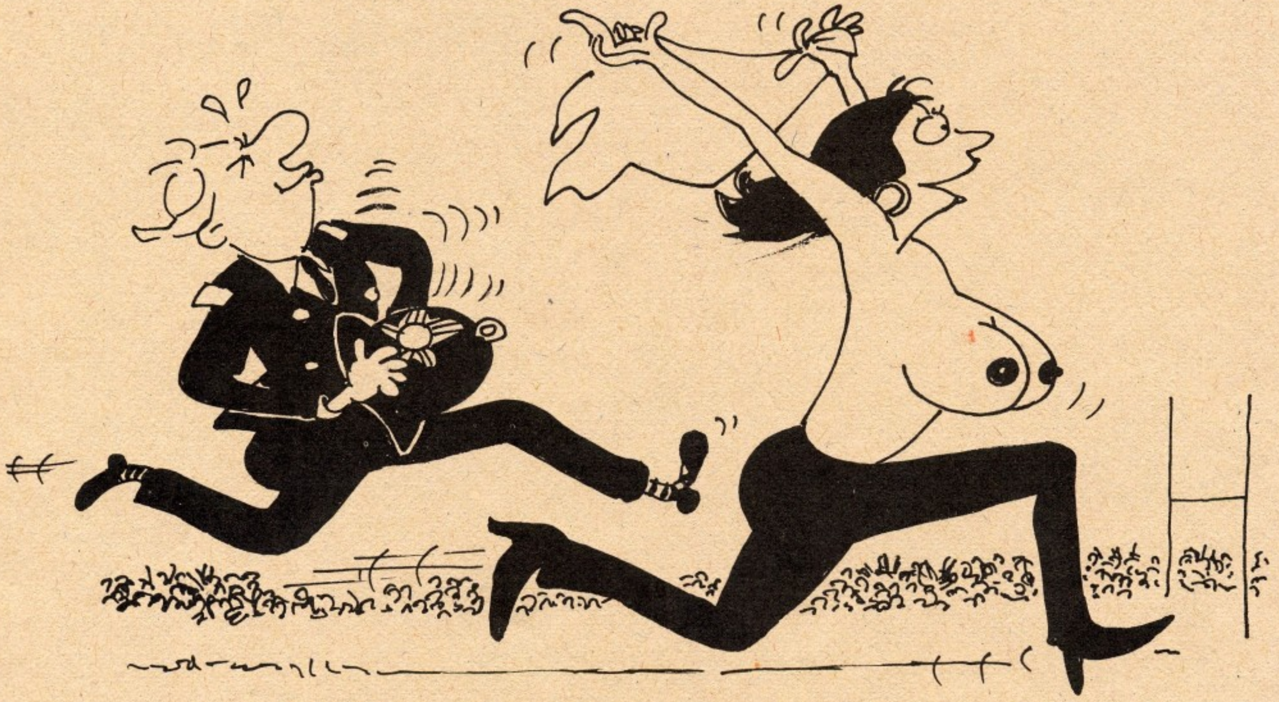
She clapped a hand there.

One end of the bed fell to the ground with the most tremendous clang.

'Shit!' said a voice.

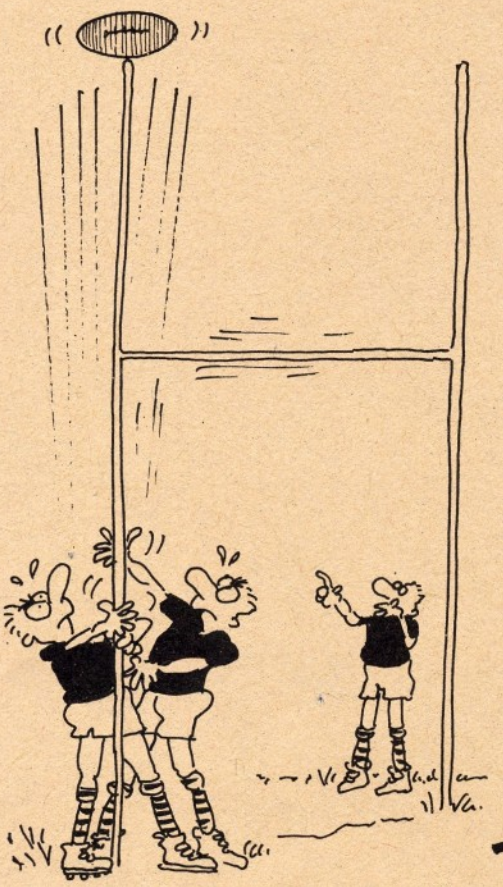
'Oh,' said Rappaport quickly. 'This is Albert, my – um — assistant.'

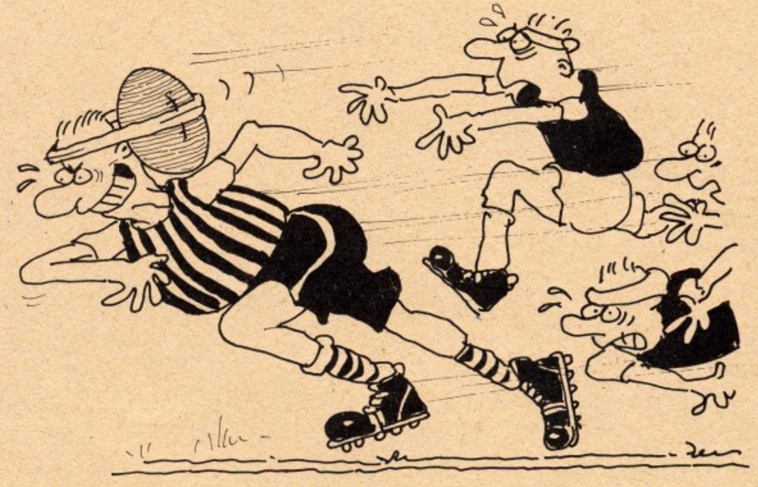
Albert was a hairy young man wearing a

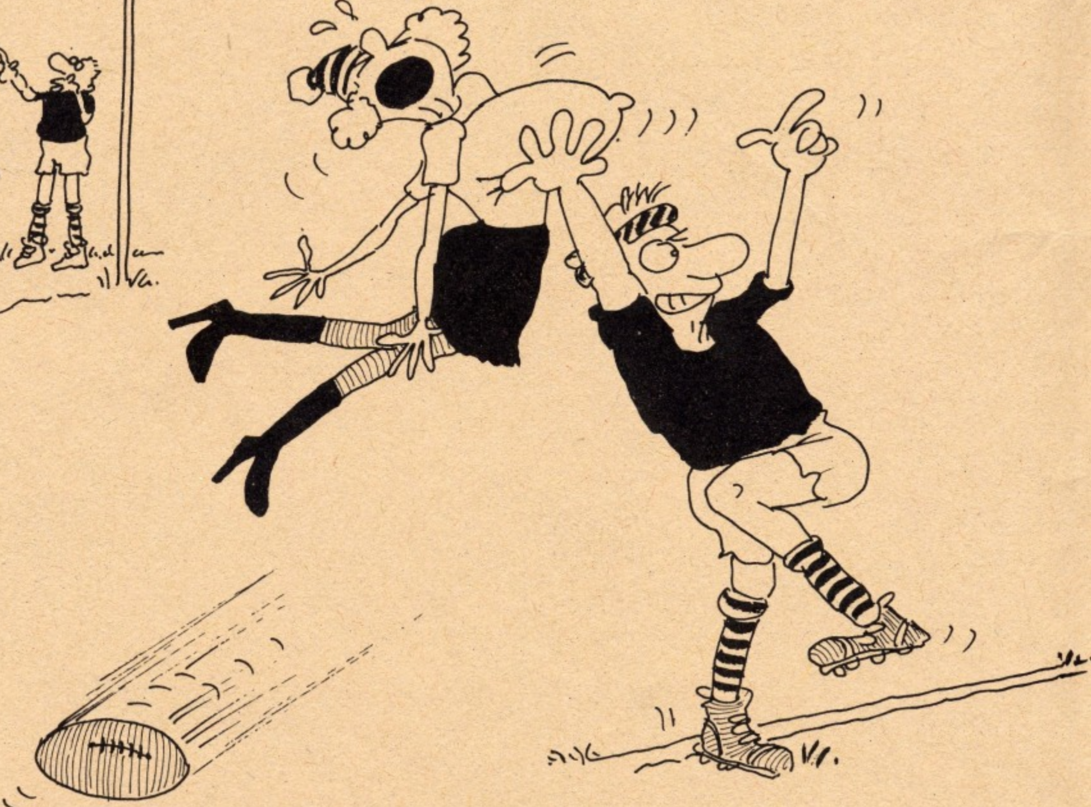


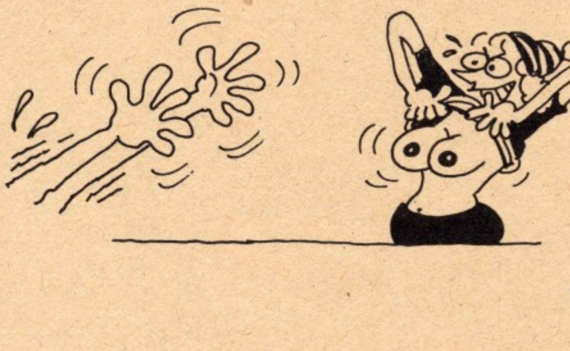
TRYING HARD

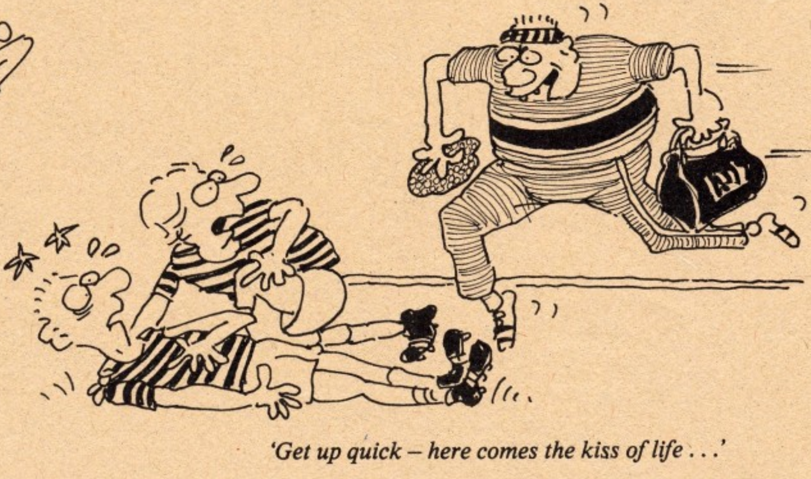
Given the topless interlude of the recent England-Australia game, cartoonist Peter Maddocks looks askance at the season's rugby Internationals



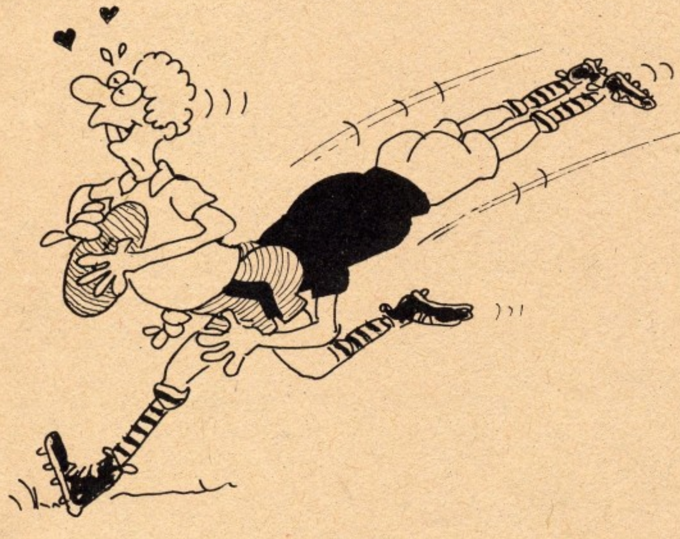


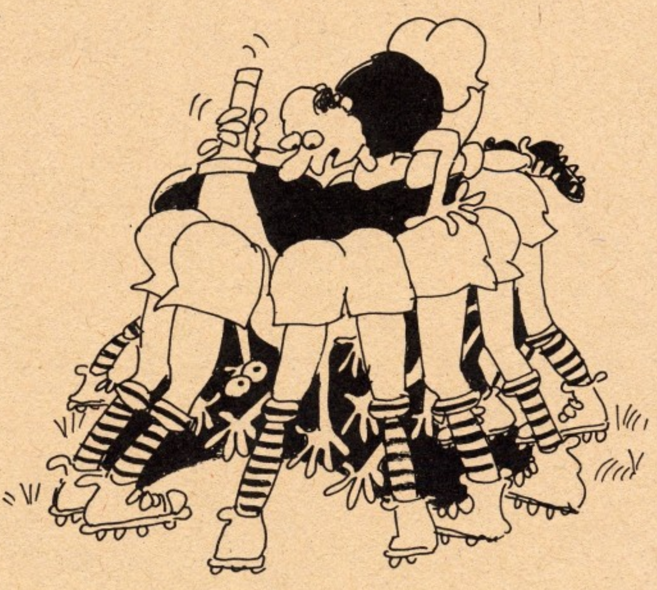




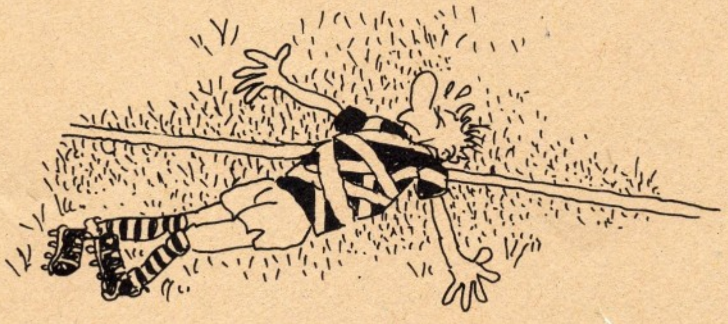


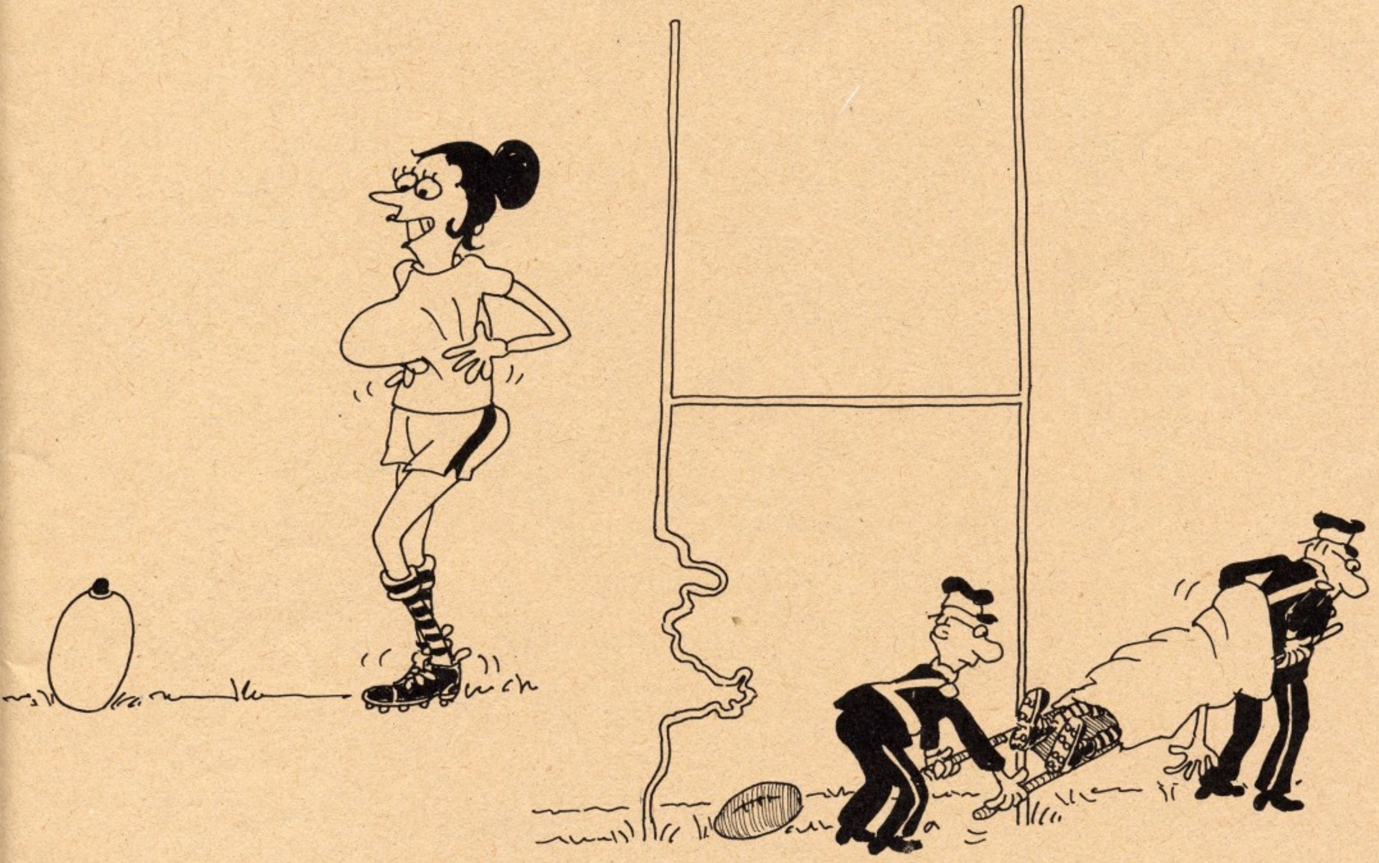
'Get up quick – here comes the kiss of life . . .'





'Come on out young lady – I know you're in there.'





Jane

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

It is fortunate for us that sexy 20-year-old Jane Hamilton quit college after a year, for if she had carried on with her studies she would have become a teacher and we'd never have got the chance of seeing her superb 34C-24-34 figure.

'I decided I couldn't take being a teacher seriously when I was on teaching practice and a little boy pinched my bottom. He was only 12-years-old and I had to laugh. I told him I go for younger men.'

Jane's favourite hobbies are painting and writing. She doesn't like love stories, but goes in for the more macabre with a twist at the end. But in her art she is more romantic. 'Womens' bodies are lovely to draw and I do fantasy pictures, slightly erotic.' We asked Jane how she keeps her figure in trim, but she laughed and said, 'That would be telling.'

Penelope

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

Here's a Penny for your thoughts, a Penelope Parker to give her full name. But the thoughts that Penny revealed to us as she cavorted on the antique brass bed for our photo-session are worth much more than that. Stretching her 34-24-34 figure across the satin sheets, she confessed that it put her in an amorous frame of mind. 'I must admit that I've always had fantasies of making love on an old-fashioned bed like that. It made me want to forget my inhibitions and go wild.'

Penny, 21, lives in Ilford, Essex, and is manageress of one of the trendy boutiques along the High Road. 'It's fatal for me to work there, really, because most of my money goes on the stock. I love beautiful clothes and the more outrageous your outfit, the more success you have catching the eye of one of the good-looking guys at the *Room at the Top* club.' Penny thinks that sexy underwear is important, too. 'If I'm wearing something slinky it makes me feel sexy, and the guys love it.'

Pauline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Pisceans have a sensitive, intuitive nature and are attracted by the sea. They have fluid, flexible personalities enabling them to adapt to different roles. So says Christopher McIntosh in *Astrology*. If he had known 22-year-old Pauline Taylor, he might have based his ideal Piscean form on her. For Pauline has the sea very much in her life, living close to it in her native Bournemouth. And when she gets time to relax she even finds solace there too.

'I like nothing better than going for really long walks along the beach with my dog,' she says. But 34-23-34 Pauline also likes the Bournemouth nightlife — nightclubbing and being wined and dined. During the day she has carved out a successful career as a model, although she admits that her heart is not always in her job. When we spoke to her she showed her Piscean dreamy nature when she admitted that she had no big plans for the future.

'No,' she says, 'I much prefer to take life as it comes.' Pauline's fluid personality is also demonstrated by working behind the bar in one of Bournemouth's pubs – the exact location of which we are keeping to ourselves. And she even worked for a local estate agency before turning to modelling. Pisceans also tend to shy away from decisions and make fine artists, poets and musicians. Fellow Pisceans include Chopin, Einstein, Buffalo Bill Cody and even Harold Wilson. Remember, next time you're on the beach at Bournemouth and a strange dog makes off with your towel, if you are lucky enough the owner of that dog may be none other than our own Pauline Taylor. Such are the perils of Pauline.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/ PAULINE TAYLOR

REAL MUD WRESTLING: IT'S GOOD CLEAN FUN!

Photograph by Robert Kanters

Take two strong, attractive girls, a pool of mud and a referee and you have the recipe for the latest spectator sport to hit the USA. But there's no dirty wrestling – the gorgeous grapplers fight clean

HOLLYWOOD
TROPICANA

By day Christine Pellechi, a cool leggy blonde, leads a sedate life as a legal secretary in Beverly Hills, the exclusive suburb of Los Angeles. But at night she loves to let her hair down, strip off and fight dirty as she becomes Leona the Male Tamer – strong, sexy and wild.

For Leona is a mud wrestler, and every week up to 800 eager spectators gather at the Hollywood Tropicana to watch her and other bikini-clad beauties rough and tumble as their faces, hair and bodies get soaked and splattered. But luckily for the girls, the mud is not brought in fresh from the banks of the Mississippi – it is theatrical mud made from powdered clay, water and other ingredients. 'It feels pretty grungy in your face and hair, but at least it washes out easily,' Leona explained.

Clockwise from top of opposite page: Leona the Male Tamer parades before her bout; two shots of Leona and her opponent, California Angel, splashing it out in the mud as Leona gets the upper hand; a wrestler gets stuck in, literally, as her adversary pins her in the mud; wrestlers can often come adrift from their costumes as they grapple with each other. But they have to be clothed by law, so the ref will stop the fight until they have recovered their modesty; still fairly clean at the start of a bout, the Red Snapper receives a handful of mud from Leona. The wrestlers always have a stage name and their own theme song, and a lot of them have their own fan following. The sport has now become very popular in the US.

Mud wrestling is fast gaining in popularity as a spectator sport and has attracted much interest since it first sprang up in small clubs around 1979. Typically American, it is a flash, brash combination of sex and showbiz, with enough humour to interest more than just slapstick devotees.

At the Tropicana they have four bouts with different girls wrestling in each one. The bout starts with MC Big Al introducing one of the girls who comes on in some sort of costume to match her stage name – the Red Snapper, Norwegian Knockout, Cactus Kelly and so on. Each girl has her own theme music and when she comes out she performs a dance before stripping to her wrestling costume,

Below: Leona grapples with Busty Brown who is living up to her name. Above (left): mud wrestlers try to get each other in holds like regular wrestling, and (above right) the Ponderosa Playmate manages to get California Angel in rather an undignified grip. Opposite (clockwise from top): the Twilight Tangler and Sweet Savage square up to each other in the theatrical mud which gets just as messy as the real thing; quite a tangle for the ref to sort out; Leona gets the better of Busty Brown in a complicated hold; Playboy Bunny and Juicy Jay; a wrestler is thrown.

Clockwise from top left: The girls get to grips as one wrestler is about to throw her opponent; Leona grimacing as she is caught in a necklock; it's bottoms up as the girls try to pin each other; there is no shortage of volunteers ready to help the girls rinse off after a bout; Big Al the MC asks members of the audience to decide who has won the bout, with Leona to the right of him; up and over as a wrestler flies through the air. The bouts last for three rounds of 90 seconds each, and the wrestlers are chosen for their looks, their figure and also their strength as they have to keep fit.

usually a bikini, as naked wrestling would be against the law. In her bikini the girl kisses members of the audience for tips. Then her adversary comes out and the process is repeated.

At the start of the fight the two opponents kneel in the mud facing each other. The pit is six foot square and about four inches deep in mud. The bout itself lasts for three rounds of 90 seconds each and the girls have to try to pin each other, similar to normal wrestling. At the end of the bout the audience decide who has won by the volume of their applause, and two willing volunteers wash down the wrestlers with buckets of water.

'It's more showbiz than actual fighting,' Leona explained, 'like being an actress. Though you might have a grudge against a particular girl if she was too rough the last time you fought her. Then you'll think, she stuffed mud in my face, I'm going to kick the shit out of her.'

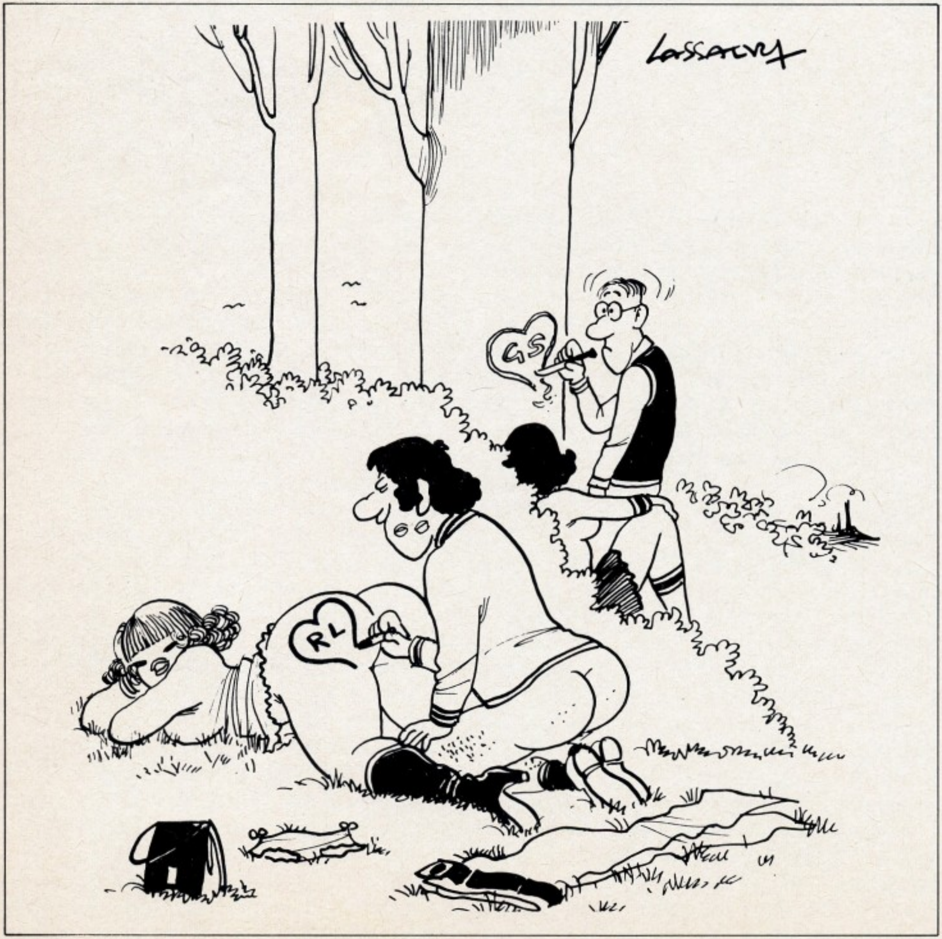
Leona does enjoy the mud and the wrestling and finds it exciting, but says that in general the girls do not do it for kicks but for the money. They are paid around $50 by the club and can make up to $80 in tips.

To keep fit Leona used to lift weights, but turned to jogging when she started to develop too many muscles.

During the evening's show there is one special bout – the auction. The MC will start talking about one particular girl and give her a big build up. Then the bidding starts, the highest bidder having the privilege of wrestling the girl himself. Partway through the bidding the girl comes out and the auction continues. Bidding can go up to $100 and the girl keeps this money herself, as well as the tips she earns.

The lucky winner of the auction changes into swimming trunks and goes three rounds with the girl. 'The men are usually just big teddy bears and frightened to grab the girl,' said Leona. 'But if they try to grab a feel or get rough the girl will probably flip him over.'

We had to ask Leona what her lawyer boss thinks of her double life. 'He's one of my biggest fans and always comes to see me. But he hasn't wrestled me yet.'


Lassalvy
GS
RL

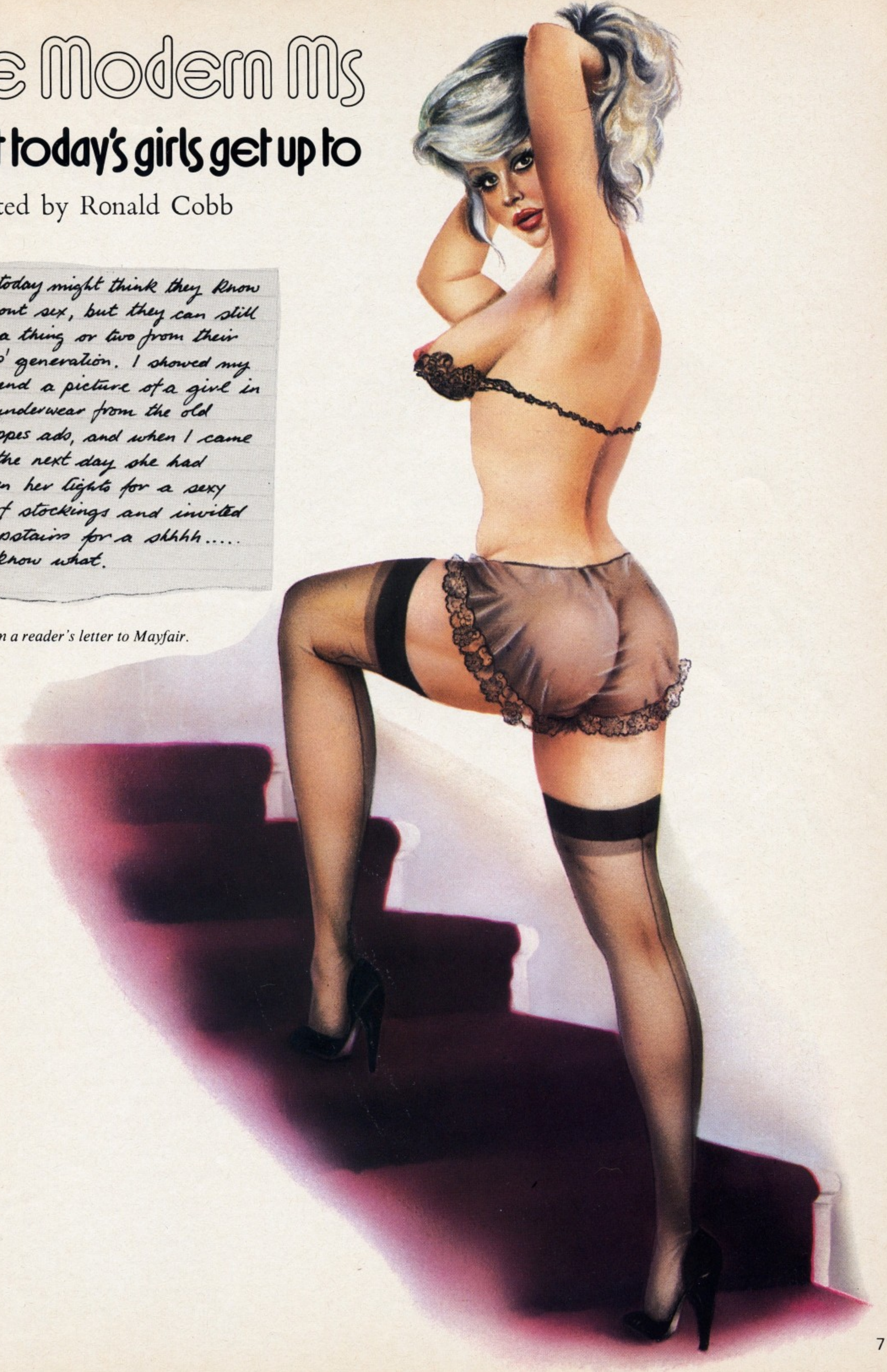
The Modern Ms

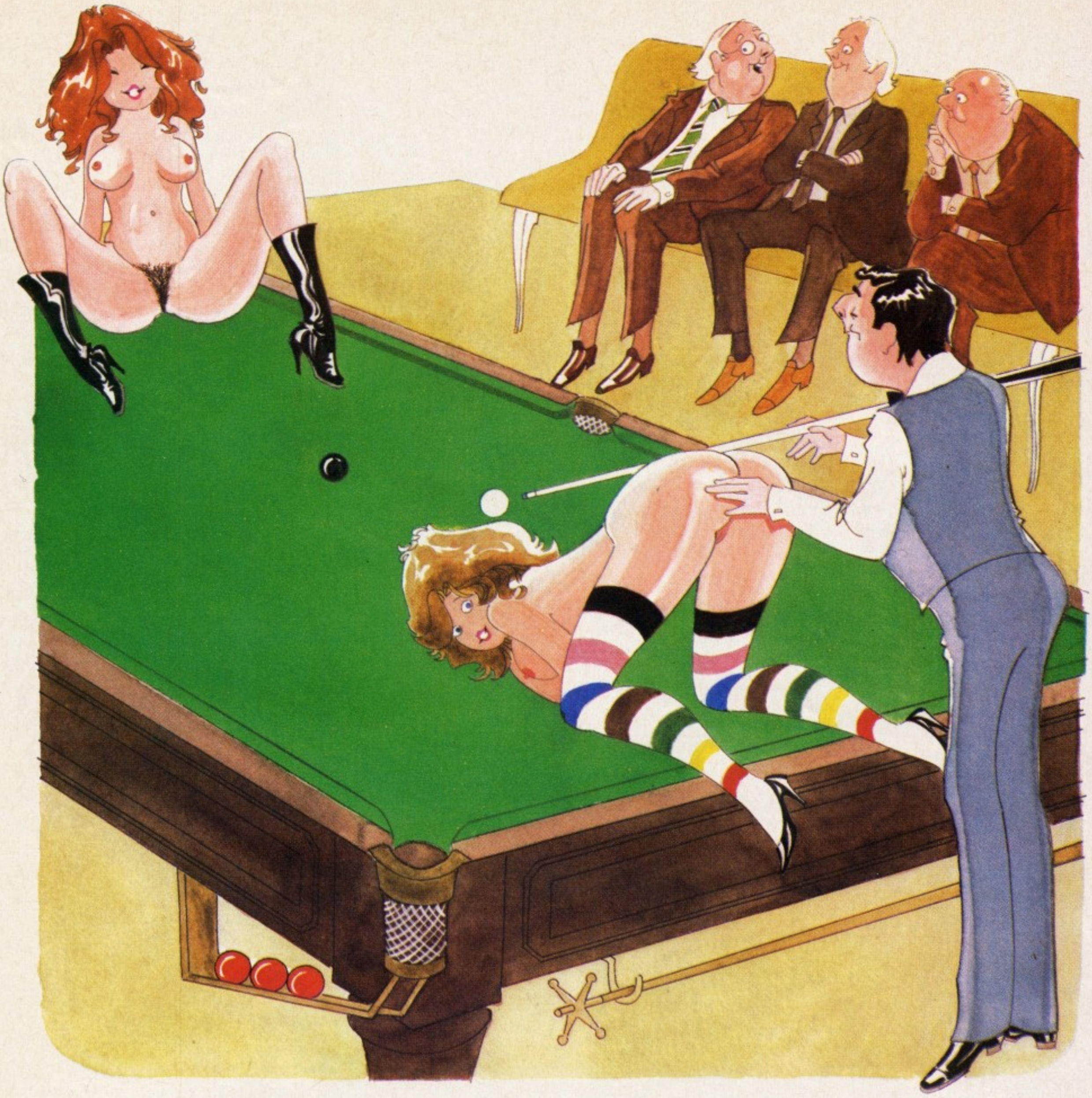
What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Girls today might think they know
all about sex, but they can still
learn a thing or two from their
mothers' generation. I showed my
girlfriend a picture of a girl in
black underwear from the old
Schweppes ads, and when I came
home the next day she had
forsaken her tights for a sexy
pair of stockings and invited
me upstairs for a shhhh.....
you know what.

Excerpt from a reader's letter to Mayfair.

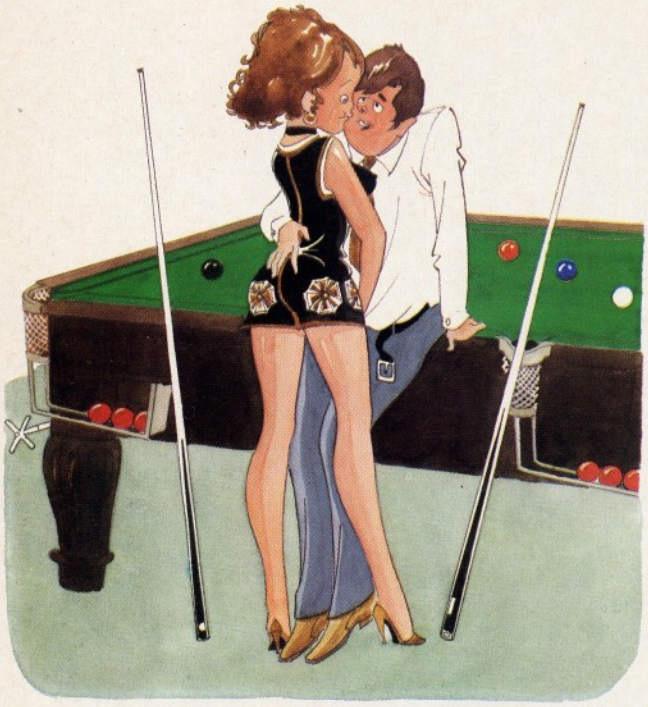




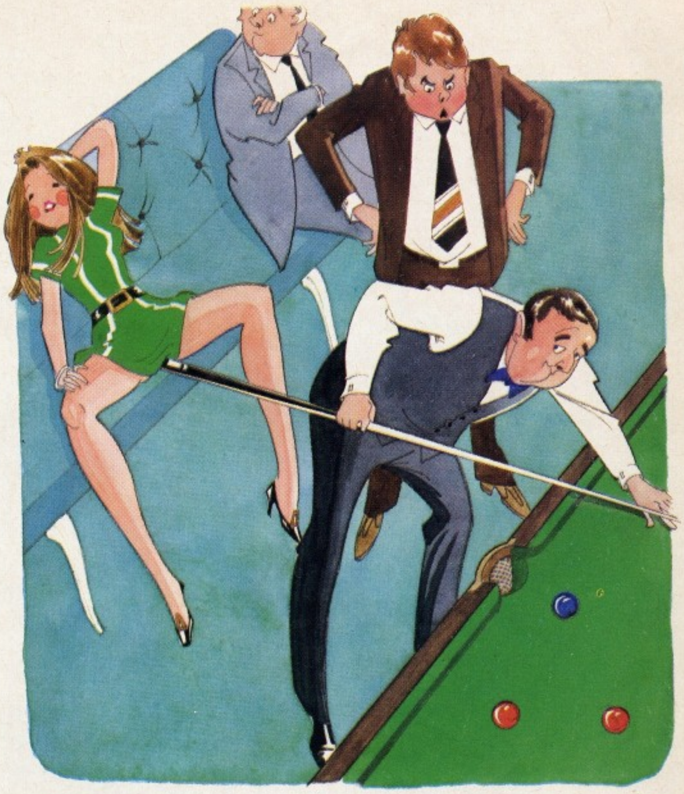
'Normally I don't care much for trick shots.'

In off the pink

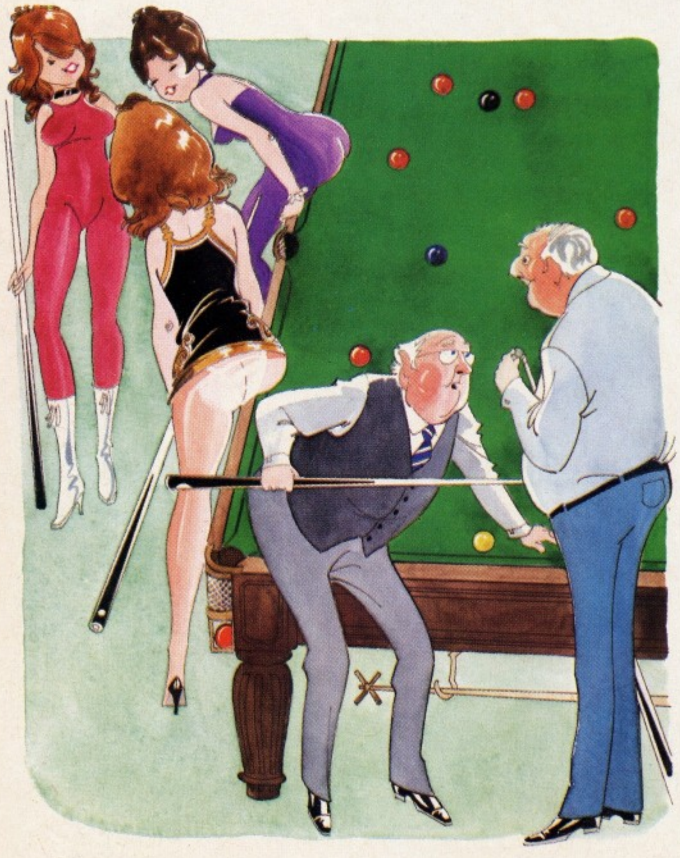
Snooker is very much a man's game.
But, says cartoonist Paul White, there's no reason
why the ladies can't handle a cue



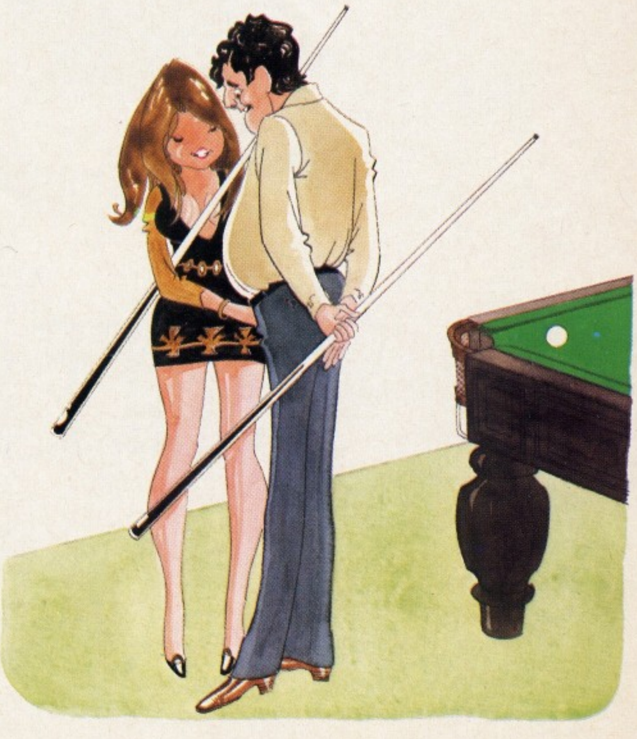
'Your stroke's improving and you seem to have mastered two ball control.'



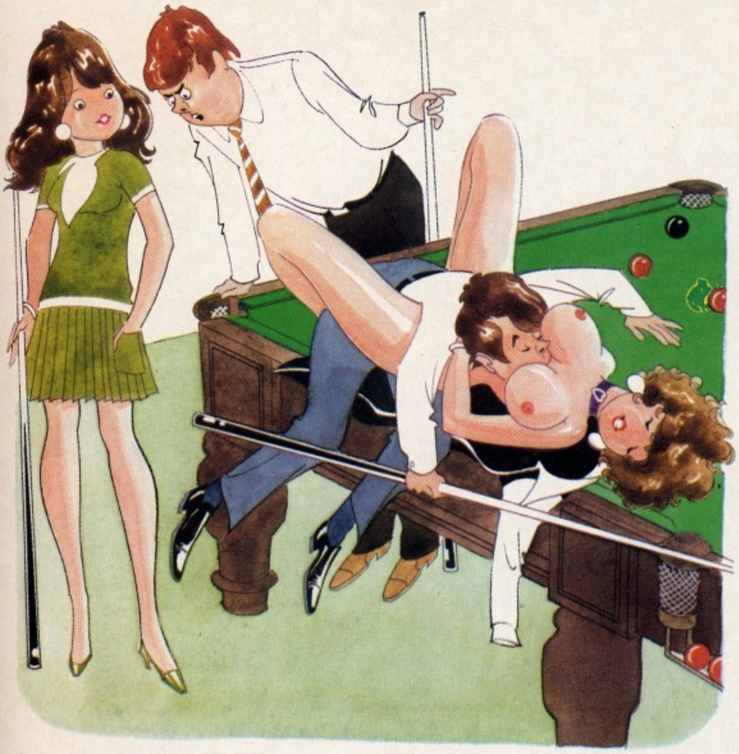
'Sir! You're a disgrace to the profession.'



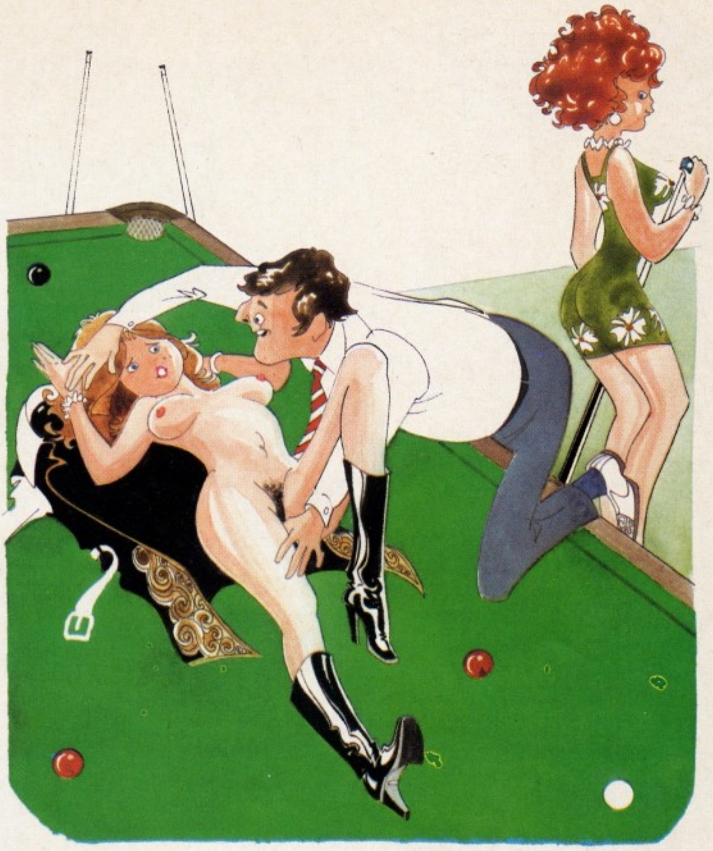
'Is it just me or are the cushions playing fast tonight?'



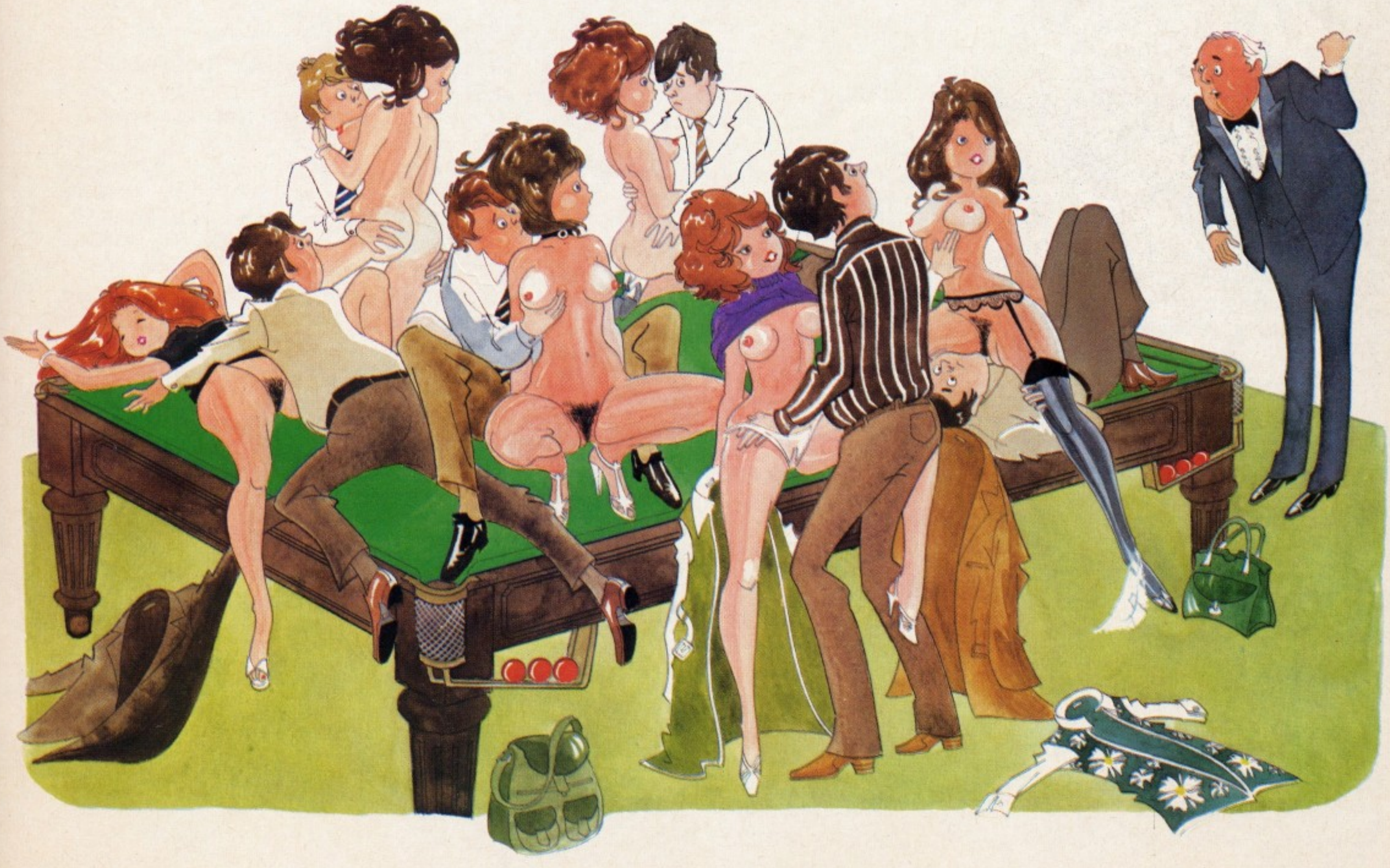
'No, no, a little chalk on the tip of the cue.'



'Foul shot—one foot should be touching the ground.'



'But I am teaching you positional play.'



'Clear the table, Steve Davis has arrived for the exhibition.'

Julie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

If you spend an evening at the *Bo Jangles* club in Stevenage and spot a sexy-looking girl sitting in the corner, don't think she's a wallflower and ask her to dance, because it might be Julie Clarke.

Eighteen-year-old Julie hates dancing, but likes going along to the club for the atmosphere, and to show off her attractive figure. To make her 35-22-35 curves look as sexy as possible she wears a skin-tight one-piece outfit. 'I also like mini-dresses and hope they come back into fashion one day.' If you do insist on asking Julie to dance, be warned that she doesn't like men who are possessive. 'I like them to have a sense of humour. And sometimes a man can turn me on just by the way he talks, if he says the right things, of course.' But Julie just smiled when we asked what she meant by right things.

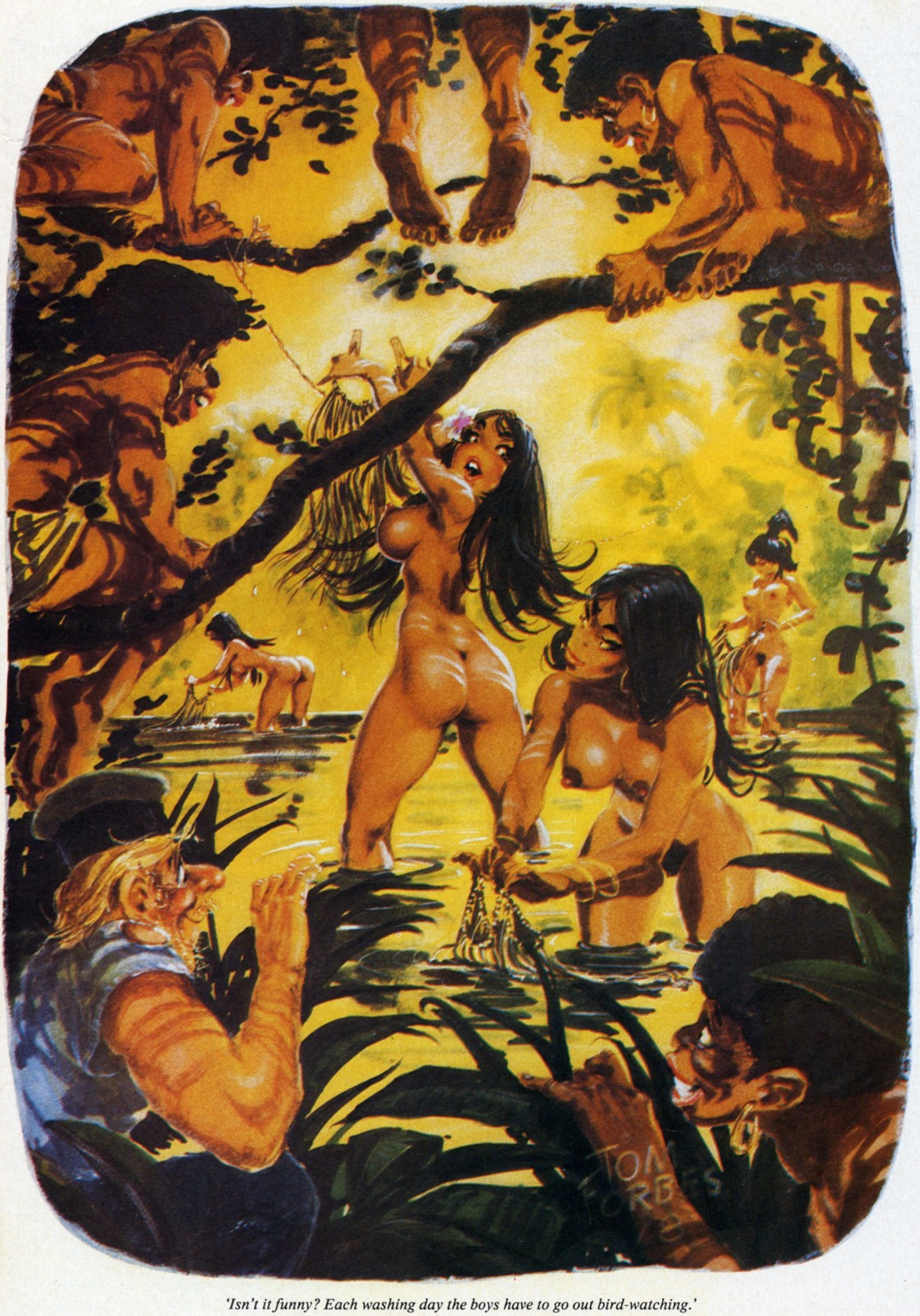
Julie went to school in Stevenage where she studied shorthand typing. But she didn't do secretarial work because someone suggested she try modelling. 'So I took an evening job as supervisor at my local Kentucky Fried Chicken shop, and modelled during the day. I really liked working there, though sometimes the customers would be a little the worse for drink and chat me up.' Julie is a full-time model now, and any spare time she has is spent riding her own horse out in the country.

Sally

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SIWER OHLSSON

After one look at pretty 19-year-old Sally Lyle we decided she was just our type. The reason? Simple really, for Sally's father is the owner of a small London printing firm. 'I suppose you'll have lots of jokes in about me having 34 points,' giggled Sally who, in case you hadn't realised, measures an appealing 34-22-34. Sally, who last year gained three A-levels in English, History and French, is hoping to secure a place at Cambridge.

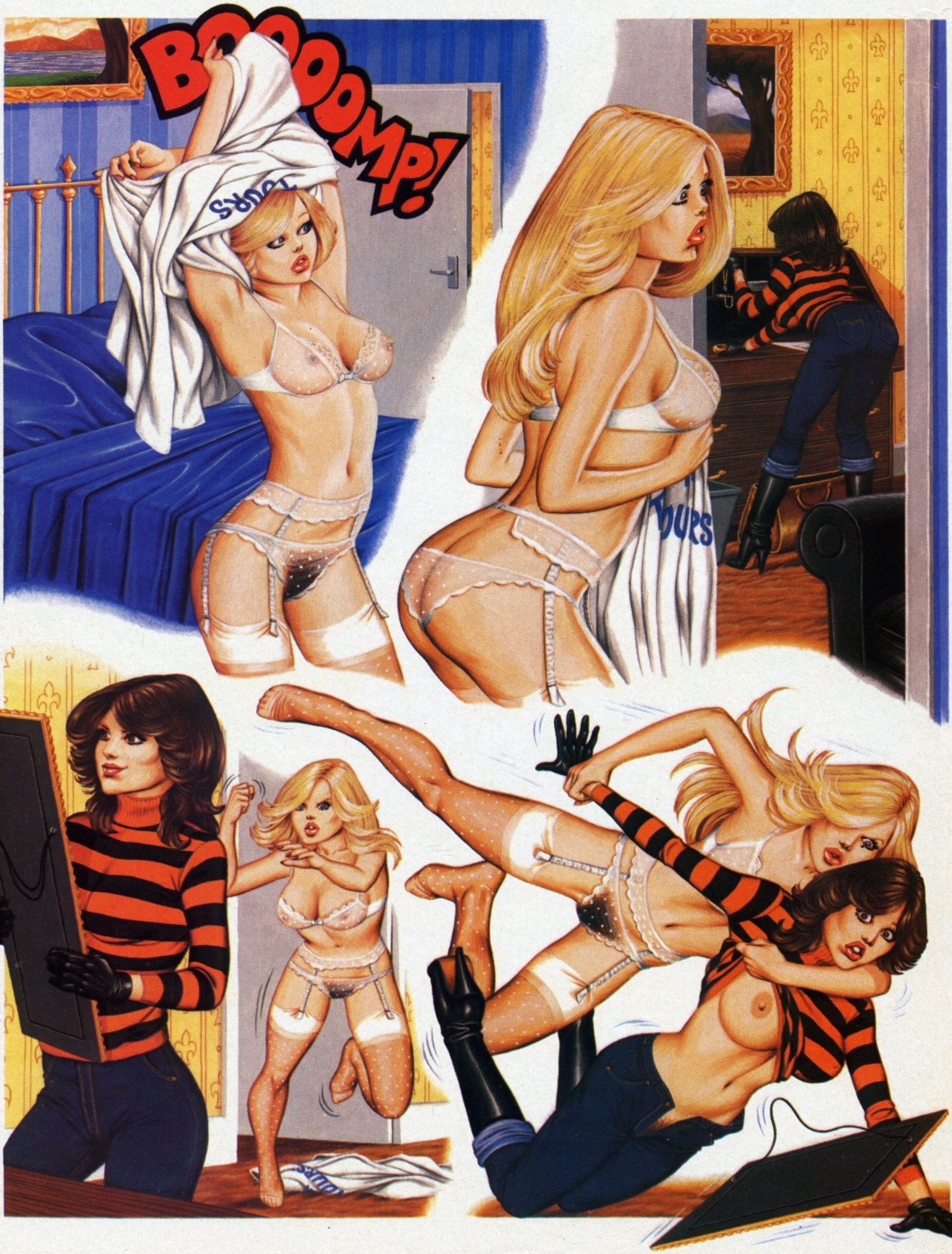
'I really enjoyed posing for Siwer,' admits Sally. 'I've always wanted to do something really outrageous or shocking, like that girl at Twickenham. I don't think I'd have had the nerve, however, to do it live, so to speak. It's different appearing in *Mayfair* – I'm not conscious of all those men looking at me in the flesh. It makes me all tingly thinking about it.'

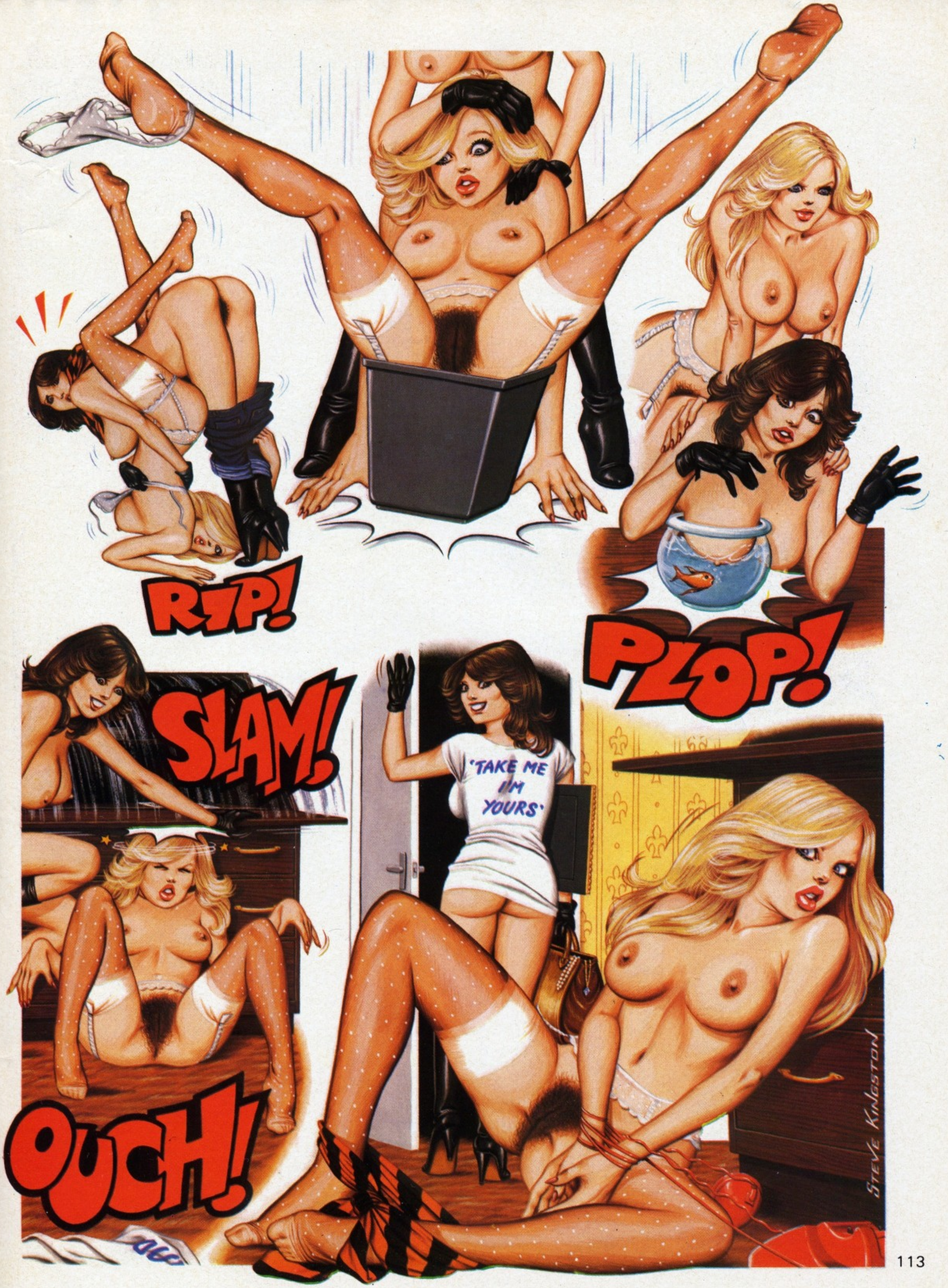


'Isn't it funny? Each washing day the boys have to go out bird-watching.'

CARRIE

Carrie's ripped off when she tackles a bouncing burglar


BOOOOOMP!
TOURS


RIP!
PLOP!
SLAM!
'TAKE ME I'M YOURS'
OUCH!
STEVE KINGSTON